

# The Darkness of the Sun (Buffyguide.com F.A.N. 2000 Challenge)

by Victor

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## The Darkness of the Sun (Buffyguide.com F.A.N. 2000 Challenge)

Title : The Darkness of the Sun.

> Author : Victor.<br> Rating : PG.

> Disclaimer : The only thing I own from Buffy is Spike's duster and I'll even give<br> that back if I have to. Don't sue me.

> Spoilers : None.<br> Comments : A little break from my Willow/Spike story to "compete" with my

> fellow writers. The WS fic I'm doing is 90% dialogue with little description.

> This is going to be 90% inner monologue. I thought it was time to stretch my<br> creative muscles. Also, at the bottom, I've included an e-mail address for

> everyone to send feedback to. Use it.<br> Enjoy.

><br>

><br> \*Bang\*, \*bang\*, \*bang\*. Three shots entered my body and thus began the

> greatest adventure of my life.<br>

> It was a rather silly beginning, I must admit. But we all have our moments, don't<br> we? Apparently, being on the Hellmouth and dealing with all manner of

> inexplicable phenomena utterly dulled my skills at dealing with a threat that was<br> all too human. I heard the woman scream first.

When I approached the alley, I

> could see her being accosted. Simple logistics would point to me walking up<br> behind the man and giving him a sound shot to the head, but no. I have to

> announce my presence. Granted, the woman got away with her life and her<br> valuables, but my noble gesture resulted in my chest being the repository for

> three lead slugs. Adding insult to injury, I didn't even get to lay a hand on the<br> bugger that shot me as I was too busy watching my

life flow into a nearby

> sewer drain.<br>

> But it was worth it. Oh, yes. The confusion at first, followed by the annoying<br> numbness, and lastly the blinding pain were all merely installments leading up to

> my rebirth. The single moment of eardrum shattering thudding when I heard my<br> own heartbeat was my catharsis. After that, everything fell into place. I can see

> things now that were so far beyond me before. I can taste things in the air that<br> I never knew existed. I don't even have to touch something to feel it. This is

> wonderful.<br> My thought patterns have been altered as well. I know this to be a fact. As I sit

> here and stare through this window, I am besieged by ideas that have no<br> constructive outcome other than to make me feel someone's blood on my skin.

> Marvelous.<br> I know what they're on about, too. They want to know where I am and what

> happened to me. They'll find out soon enough. When I shred their collective<br> entrails and feast on their blood...ahhh...especially Buffy's, they'll know exactly

> what happened. Look at Spike sitting there like he's bloody clueless. Oh, that's<br> priceless.

> I must remember to thank him for this wonderful gift. Later. After I've shown<br> him what I can do. He'll be so proud.

><br> I suppose I should be upset. As much as I despised him, having him use me as a

> guinea pig seems all the more reason to want his dust decorating my floor, but I<br> can't quite find that seed of hatred I once had.

Stumbling upon me in my state

> of near death was as much a boon to him as it was to me. The fact that he'd<br> figured out how to circumvent the effects of the chip in his head was of little

> consequence at the time. I must also remember to ask him how he did that...<br>

> I wish I could see my reflection. I want to see what I look like. I want to know<br> the face that sends Willow shrieking into the darkest recesses of her own mind,

> never to return. Ah, she'll be the most devastated. I'll take great pleasure in<br> watching her sit huddled in the corner, holding her knees, rocking, and mumbling

> unintelligibly as I rend the others limb from limb. I may not even touch her. She<br> may be my trophy. Yes. I like that idea. I like that idea a lot.

><br> The others are not to be so lucky. I'll suck the marrow from their bones while

> they're still alive to feel it. And I'll make sure the other see, too. So they'll<br> know what to expect.

><br> What's that? \*sniff\* Bugger. I can't see past the trees. I can feel someone out

> th-<br>

><br> I can't move my arms. I can't move my legs, either. And my head is killing me.

> Where the bloody hell am I? Wait. I know this place. It's the old mansion. But<br> why can't I - bullocks, I'm tied to the damn column.

><br> "It's about time you woke up. I'd hate for you to miss this."

> "Angel. How did you...ahh. Your friend with the visions. I hadn't thought of<br> that."

> "You've got another minute or so to contemplate it."<br> "What's  
happening in..."  
> "Good morning, Giles. See you in hell. When I get to Spike he'll be  
joining you."<br>  
> I didn't want it to end this way. I knew I'd not be around forever,  
but this isn't<br> right. Nothing's been done. I didn't even have  
time  
> to-AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!"<br>

End  
file.